

LONG YARNS.

CLIFFORD, (*yawning*).—Now, Mr. MacPherson, your story comes next, and if it is but of brevity, as reasonable as that which we have now heard,—aw !—aw—I think,—aw-ah-ahaw!—that in justice to you, we are bound to hear it ere we go to bed—a—aw-aw.

DOMINIE.—I cannot positively say what my story might measure out to in the hands of an able story-teller. Some clever chield like Homer, or Virgil, or Sir Walter Scott, for example, any one of whom could spin you a thread as if they were working it off by the hundred ells, with that machine once vurra much used by the Highland wives, called the *muckle wheel*. But, plain man

as I am, you can never expect me to tell anything but the bare facts. Yet I must not let you yemagine, gentlemen, that there is any fact at all in the foolish fairy story I am now going to tell you.

CLIFFORD.—Why, Mr. MacPherson,—aw—aw—ha! if I have any of my logic left in me at all, I think I can prove that *de facto* you have no story to tell. As thus:—

You tell nothing but *facts*,
 In your story there is no *fact*,
 Therefore you have nothing to tell.

Quoad erat demonstrandum. Ergo, as a corollary I think we had better—aw—aw—a—go to bed.

GRANT.—Very ingeniously made out, Clifford. But we know from experience, that logic and common sense are not always equal to the same thing, and therefore they are not always equal to one another. So, to cut the argument short, I now move that Mr. MacPherson do forthwith begin his story.

AUTHOR.—I second the motion.

CLIFFORD.—Well, I shall—aw, aw—light an—

other cigar, and if he does not finish in the smoking of it, I for one shall bowl off to bed.

GRANT.—Come then, Mr. MacPherson, pray take the start of him.